

Early Training.

BY KATE YOST.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22: 6.

Undoubtedly there is more involved in the wise man's saying than parents and guardians are willing to acknowledge.

We have men's word for it, that a Catholic priest once said, "Give me a child until it is eight years old, and you may have it the rest of its life." In this assertion the inference is given that the priest would so thoroughly inculcate in that young child's mind a principle; namely,—Roman Catholicism that it mated not where that child was left to roam, or what influences were brought to bear upon it in after years, it would be a Catholic still. From what we have been able to learn by reading and observation, we are inclined to the belief that there is more truth in the Catholic clergyman's assertion than in some of our modern poetry.

While it may be true, that a child may depart in some degree from his early education when he arrives at manhood, especially if it be of a religious character, but that little monitor, conscience, which is a lamp to his feet and a guide to his pathway, will constantly remind him of the right and true way, and unless he is cut off by accident or disease in the prime of life he will eventually like the Prodigal Son, return to the true way and not depart from it when he is old. Then how important that the early training be of the proper kind.

At a children's meeting we heard a minister exhort parents and teachers with all the eloquence at his command to teach the children the Scriptures correctly in early childhood, for when once taught incorrectly it was almost impossible to eradicate that which had taken root while the mind was tender and capable of being deeply impressed. And this corresponds with what we once heard a woman of excellent literary attainments say, whose early training had been in the United Presbyterian faith, when she grew up to womanhood she was, from the force of circumstances, induced to unite with the M. E. church. "When I feel serious or have trouble, I get my Psalm book and read Psalms. The reading of Psalms supply my spiritual needs and wants better than all the sermons, prayers and singing of hymns I have access to in the M. E. church. Butler has expressed it very truthfully in the language:

"He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

"The religion of the father's is one of the most sacred of man's inheritances."

In the Old Testament Scripture we have a very forcible example of early training exhibited in the life and character of Queen Esther. She was reared by her cousin Mordecai as his own daughter—a Jewess. After she was made queen and the royal crown set upon her head, she did not forget the charge that Mordecai gave, before she left his home, that she should not tell to what nation her people belonged. Thus in all the splendor and glory, Esther did not go back on her early training for we learn that the queen just as willingly obeyed her cousin after that, as when she lived in his house.

When Haman obtained, by calumination, a decree of King Ahasuerus to put all the Jews to death, oh! how her sympathies were aroused for her people. This is clearly and plainly proven from the fact that she went to king Ahasuerus and fell down at his feet and besought him with tears to put away the mischief that was about to be carried into effect. The Jews that were in Shushan and in all the king's provinces were to be destroyed. As the Queen arose she said if it please the King, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman to destroy the Jews which are in all the king's provinces. "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people?" or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?

In the New Testament St. Paul commends Tim. for his early education which he received from his mother and grandmother. 2 Tim. 1: 5

There are two influences in the world and one is antagonistic to the other. One of good and one of evil. Good impulses and good deeds are the fruit of one, and evil deeds and evil impulses the

fruit of the other. By continually yielding to good influences and shunning the evil, will lead to righteousness, and to heaven, while continually yielding to evil influences will lead to sin and crime and ultimately to eternal woe.

Which ever influence is brought to bear upon the child in such a manner as to be the means of moulding and shaping his character, will tell the story when he comes upon the stage of action. Whether he be temperate or intemperate, honest or dishonest, virtuous or vicious, good or bad, will depend largely upon the training and education he received in early life; for we know that men will be very nearly what their early training has taught them to be.

"For it is education that forms the common mind,
The way the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Burbank, O.

Mother, Home and Heaven.

Mother, home and heaven are surely the most beautiful words in the English language. What name thrills the heart as does the holy name mother? What word calls forth pleasant remembrances as that beloved name? It is the first word the infant learns to lisp. It is the last word upon the lips of a dying man. The dying soldier upon the bloody battle field thinks no more of fame and glory. The one picture before his fast fading vision is mother, and until death ends his suffering, he murmurs but the onesweet name. And how many poor tired, broken-hearted women are singing away down in their lonely hearts: "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep." Mother, mother, who can repeat it without a flood of love and tenderness welling up in the heart? Our mother is our only true earthly friend. She is first at our side and last to leave us when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when our summer friends forsake us for the friends that in our summer live, and, when winter comes, are gone to revel in the sunshine of some more fortunate brother, this dear mother still clings to us and would answer: "Aye, though all the world be against thee, I am for thee." How many gentle mother hands are leading those that would otherwise be wayward and unruly sons, in the ways of quietness and peace; even when we are sullied and blackened by crime, the mother heart goes out after us, and when found it embraces and finds some reason for our misconduct. All a mother's love and tenderness is portrayed in those lines of "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" "Bring him to me in all his blight and I will love him still." Many a poor fallen wretch, sitting alone in the damp gloomy prison, is looking back through lapse of years. Viewing the old haunts, the old home, and as thoughts of dear old mother come rushing upon his saddened memory too late, the tears of contrition flow down his wasted and haggard cheeks and he seems to hear again her gentle voice, and pleadings for him to stop his downward course; but too late, he heeded not her warning; he sees the loved face becoming prematurely old: the raven locks turn to snowy whiteness, and the graceful form bends beneath the triple load of toil, sorrow and disgrace. The third picture floats past. It is an open grave where they have laid the poor, tired body and great loving heart, still now forever; and as the last sentence of the burial rite, "ashes to ashes and dust to dust," falls upon his ear, he fully realizes that the only friend he had on earth is gone and that he is her murderer.

Home is a word inseparable from mother, for there is where we will always find her. Home! how the echoes reverberate through the corridors of the mind. How many associations that little word brings to memory as the word is uttered. Many minds travel back half a century, perhaps, to the home of their childhood. It may have been a log hut in the midst of the grand old forest, where the deer bounded by unharmed, or to which the red man came an unwonted guest, or at which the squirrel peeped slyly from behind the rude rail fence, while the woodman's ax rang from dawn till dark in the wood hard by, but to the heart of the pioneer these scenes are dearer than those of any palatial home; and closing his eyes he again sees the dear old home and the family circle drawn close around the hue fire-place; the little ones of

the household band roasting apples before the glowing grate; he hears their merry voices ringing even to the smoky rafters of the great bare room, as their mirth becomes more boisterous. He sees his father with the much worn Bible, his spectacles pushed upon his forehead, his head resting against the hard, stiff-backed rocker, with his toil-hardened hands clasped upon the book which has pointed him all along life's journey to the ever present help in trouble. But the eyes of the father are closed, he is taking a peaceful little nap. While mother sits in the opposite corner knitting a sock for one of the boys. A smile so sweet and so contented rests upon the careworn face as to make it almost angelic in its expression. My picture is a homely one, but to the heart of the old man sitting and dreaming of his free and happy childhood home, it is dearer than all else beside.

"Mid pleasures or palaces where'er I roam,
Be it ever so humble there is no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home."

Yes, let it be a lowly thatched cottage, let it be a cosy nest in some beautiful woodland valley, or a great mansion ablaze with light and resounding with the crash of music. "Home is the sacred refuge of our life." Here we bring all our sorrows; here are our loved ones, those dearer than life itself. In this earthly paradise-home we are preparing for the eternal paradise to which sooner or later, we must all be called—heaven, that land of rest! We may be tossed about on this tempestuous sea of life until our frail barks are almost shipwrecked. Then when our work is done, we receive the command to steer straight for the shore, and there we find a safe harbor and loved ones waiting for us who sailed from us years before. We know what a world of meaning is contained in the words mother and home, but how can we picture the beautiful beyond, heaven the home of the soul. Where all care shall be forgotten, where eternity shall be as one long day of praise and thanksgiving to the one high over all. But we must not attempt to describe the beauties of that celestial city, the beauty of which mortal eye hath not seen and of which mortal mind hath no conception. Nor in the highest flight of imagination can we realize the sweetness of the sounds issuing from the lips of the angelic choir, nor of the exultant sounds struck from glad harps by the glorified throng, nor of the glittering starry crowns worn by those who have done their duty nobly and well and to whom it has been said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there is some life to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet—
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there is one we love to greet us.

D. W. THOMAS.

Homeworth, O.

A Revival in a Sunday School.

A Christian worker said: "When I first took charge of a Bible class, the other teachers and I were much cast down by the lack of interest manifested by the scholars, and the few conversions that took place. Meetings of the teachers were called, and one of them proposed that we should have a short prayer meeting on behalf of the Sabbath school every Sunday before the classes began, that the teachers might go to their work fresh from close communion with their Master. This proposal was carried into practice, and the result was that a great revival took place in the school. Children were converted in all the classes. Everything went well, and soon we had another prayer-meeting at the close of the school to thank God for His goodness to us, and many went from that school filled with the missionary spirit which compelled them to leave friends and country to go and preach the Gospel of Christ's salvation to the heathen abroad!"

None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm.

Confidence furnishes more to conversation than wit or talent.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.